

The Poster Party Fad.

Ingenious Adaptation of a Popular Craze to Social Uses.

CLEVER MAKE-UPS BY THE GUESTS.

The most exciting new fad of the season has arrived and has met with huge success. It is poster parties, and while a few of them have been given in New York the enthusiasm is waxing warm in Brooklyn. That town has many poster collectors who have joined in the merriest competition and have ruled progressive euchre, Kalamazoo whist and ordinary fancy dress affairs out of sight.

The shops have been ransacked for novel and bizarre posters, and the result has been that at each party there has been shown a wonderful medley of queer and striking figures in strange and remarkable poses.

Somewhat in this way the invitations have run: "You are invited to attend a poster party at the residence of Miss Blank next Tuesday evening. Come in character representing some poster and bring it along with you, if possible, to prove your fidelity to its idea. Prizes will be offered."

Three judges are chosen by lot from the men and three from the women. The male judges are then notified that they are to pass judgment upon the feminine posters, and the female judges that they are to perform the same service in regard to the men. Prizes have been generally given for the most striking poster girl or man, the most comical man and the prettiest-dressed girl. These prizes have been pretty trifles,



The New Bicycle Tandem Boat.

such as are given at progressive euchre games and the like.

Hardly anything more picturesque could be imagined than a poster party in full swing. There are representations of the thousand and one queerest figures that stand outlined and placarded on Parisian kiosks, and against these are displayed the delectable and remarkable studies of the Aubrey Beardsley school. Mixed in among them are figures of American design, familiar to almost every track of the news stands and hotel book stalls.

At first, in a poster party, there is little besides looking around and shouts of laughter at some familiar bean or belle in strange and artistic guise. An immense amount of jollity is evoked at the arrival of each new contributor by the time the first hour has passed every bit of ice is broken and the party proceeds swimmingly.

Of even greater fun is the struggle of the judges. These officials go about the room ransacking the participants, who strike their most capricious attitudes. Not many of the guests obey the injunction of bringing their posters along with them, but the judges can decide very well without that aid. After the prizes have been awarded the music strikes up and there is dancing and a supper.

Remarkably clever have been a good many of the adaptations of popular posters that nimble needles and artistic brains have produced. One of the most popular in the Hill district of Brooklyn these were a few of the most prominent figures: Will R. Bradley's lackadaisical "Bicycle Man," Ponfield's Hatter, host of the young hunter and his rabbits (the rabbits were made ingeniously out of dress goods), Scribner's brilliant "Red Chameleon," Cheret's "L'Homme qui rit," Cheret's "David Copperfield" and his "Trois Mousquetaires," and "Griset's" "Jeanne d'Arc." The "Three Musketeers" was represented by a trio of men, the effectiveness of whose costumes came very close to winning the prize.

The triumphs of the evening, however, were carried off by three poster representations that were very clever copies of the originals. One was C. D. Gibson's famous poster of "Two Women and a Fool." The poster, though only showing one woman and a blue-looking man in evening dress.

There is a nice little story attached to this representation, and one very young man of Brooklyn has now his faith completely shaken in womankind. A girl this young gentleman thought a very great deal of invited him to attend this poster party with her, and gave him full instructions as to how he should "make-up," refusing to tell him, however, just what the poster was. When the evening came and all the posters were gathered in the big drawing-room, the girl herself posed the little picture. The judges stood solemnly in session and the others crowded around. Scarcely had the young man and the girl taken their places when a shout arose. "We know you. That's easy, Gibson's 'Two Women and a Fool.'" The young man says that in the last poster party he will ever attend.

Another hit of the evening was made by Napoleon and the "Faderewski" horse. A stout, thick-set, short of stature individual was made up as the "Little Corporal," and for his steed he had taken one of the elaborate horse heads mounted on a stool, that children play with. An obliging girl who lived near him had covered this with a mass of curled and tufted horse hair taken from an old sofa, and she had carefully colored this to produce a startling effect. Napoleon galloped into the room astride of it in a moment, holding in his right hand a pasteboard sign of the "Sun of Austerlitz," covered with gilt paper.

One more hit of the evening was the Journal's "Woman's Page" poster of a girl completely clothed in spread-out Journals. The girl had just the shade of Titian hair to make the effect stunning.

WHEN TO SNEEZE.

An Old Tradition Which Tells What Will Happen as a Result of Sneezing on Any Day of the Week.

In these days of alternating Manitoba and Florida temperatures it is well to bear in mind that established tradition has decreed that you

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.
Tuesday you sneeze a stranger.
Wednesday you sneeze for a letter.
Thursday sneeze for something better.
Friday you will sneeze for sorrow.
Saturday your sweetheart to-morrow.
Sneeze on Sunday, your safety keel.
The devil will have you all next week.

Sheep's Glands Cure Idiocy.

The Strange Diet Which Gives New Physical and Mental Activity.

BOURNEVILLE'S GREAT SUCCESSSES.

The thyroid gland, which is located in the throat and protected by the cartilage commonly known as "Adam's apple," has hitherto been supposed to be without any functions or utility of its own. But a French physician named Bourneville has discovered a distinct relation between the absence of this gland and idiocy, and that the most hopeless of idiots may be greatly benefited, both mentally and physically, by being fed upon this gland, taken from some of the lower animals, or being given subcutaneous injections extracted from it. Dr. Bourneville has recently laid before the Biological Society of Paris the results of his investigations.

Dr. Bourneville's attention was attracted some years ago by the fact that among nearly all the idiots that came under his observation the thyroid gland was missing or else existed in a very imperfect state. This gland, ordinarily, is a large one, filled with blood vessels, but not provided with a duct or known to furnish any secretion. Its functions, if it have any, are unknown. It is saddled on the larynx and the upper part of the trachea, to the right of the first rings of the tracheal artery, and is shielded by the thyroid cartilage, or "Adam's apple."

Though it seems to have no use, yet it is the seat of the disease known as bronchocoele, or goitre, and in this malady grows to an enormous size. This disease



The New Bicycle Tandem Boat.

is practically a hopeless one, for if the swelling is removed by the surgeon's knife either death ensues speedily or else the patient becomes an idiot. Previous to Dr. Bourneville's investigations physicians thought that there must be some intimate connection between this gland and the thyroid gland. He began his experiments by making subcutaneous injections of a fluid prepared from the thyroid glands of sheep, but this mode of treatment did not result in any special improvement in the condition of the idiotic patients on whom it was tried.

He tried next the plan of feeding these sheep's glands to those under his care. The result was extraordinary. Those idiots who were emaciated with appearance and peculiarly revolting in aspect gradually assumed a shape and demeanor that were almost normal. Their bodies grew, and their degenerated stomachs diminished in size, and they showed a mental and physical activity that they had never before manifested.

In the case of one idiot thirty years of age, of dwarfed and stunted figure, an increase of seven inches in height was noted after four months of this treatment. Another case, yet more remarkable, was that of a young woman, aged twenty, whose stature increased nearly two inches in the same period of time, while during the three years previous she had not grown at all. With the increase in stature the result of making the thyroid glands of sheep a part of her daily food was that she grew nearly three inches in four months.

The idiot, too, came to be possessed of increased intelligence. Among them all, previously, not one had seemed to have the slightest atom of mental life, and the mere fact that anything of the sort was aroused by Dr. Bourneville's method of treatment among them and his associates with joyful surprise.

Two other cases are of interest in this connection. One of them is that of a man thirty years of age, an inmate of the Hospital of Bicetre. Beginning the 31st of May, 1895, pieces of a sheep's thyroid gland were fed to him, and three days later he surprised every one by playing simple tricks on one of his keepers. It has since been noticed that he is now capable of more fluency and intelligence than ever before.

The other case is that of a girl of twenty, whose body as well as her mind seemed incapable of action. She passed her days in a chair or lying down and never spoke. After a month and a half of the treatment she began to walk, and a few days later, to the amazement of all, she was seen to run and dance about the playground. Now she is one of the most physically active of the inmates of the asylum. She is on her feet from morning to night, and seems to take especial delight in playing "cabbage-leaf" or hide-and-seek, and in secreting herself in the most unheard-of places and returning triumphantly to the goal after all her playmates have been discovered and caught.

A WATER CYCLE TANDEM.

The Last Wonder in Wheeland Travels Gracefully Over the Surface of a Lake.

There have been many efforts to apply the bicycle principle to the propulsion of light pleasure crafts, some of which have been attended by a fair measure of success. An Indianapolis newspaper man has built a water cycle, with which he proposes this Summer to make an extended trip over all the rivers of the country.

The water tandem cycle shown in the illustration is a German idea, and one of the attractions on the Lake of Posdam, is a flat-bottomed canoe-shaped boat. The standards of the wheel are stationary. The wheels are paddles and pass through the bottom of the boat. Two leasy cycle motemen are enabled to give the craft a speed of ten miles an hour with a passenger aboard. The cyclist on the front seat steers by means of his handle bar.

The New Phrase of the Day.

"Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" Succeeds "I Didn't Do a Thing to Him."

ITS VARIOUS APPLICATIONS.

"Just tell them that you saw me." This is the catch phrase of the hour. It is the first line of the refrain of one of those maddish ballads that attain sudden popularity in certain circles, which tells in mournful cadence the story of the rural visitor to New York city, who recognizes in a hollow-eyed and pale woman of the street—Madge—his schoolmate, once the village belle.

He begs her to send by him some message to the poor old mother who is waiting for her erring daughter's return. The girl struggles for a moment with her feelings, and then sadly replies:

Just tell them that you saw me, they'll know the rest;
Just whisper, if you get a chance, to mother, dear, and say
I love her as I did long, long ago.
That line, "Just tell them that you saw me," first caught the young men of the social clubs. Then the street boys picked it up, and now it is on the lips of the young people of the Tenderloin, who were wont to say, "I won't do a thing to him," "There are others," "alt," and "The band played on."

A young hoodlum who had received a thirty-day sentence to the Island in a police court turns to the audience and cheerily sings out to his hoodlum friends, "Just tell them that you saw me," and they all grin and remark that he is dead game.



The New Bicycle Tandem Boat.

A silk-hatted young man in an inveterate coat and much larger rolls from one upper Broadway cafe to another, and foolishly leaning at his acquaintances sings in maddish accents, "Just tell 'em that you saw me."

The very tough young man in the Bowery saloon, after "pasting" the stranger who has gone broke, adds to his pugilistic performance the admonition, "Say, young fellow, tell 'em that you saw me."

The young man whose good judgment, aided by lucky draws, enables him to arise from the table of the club in the evening and stroll away in his pockets, sarcastically invites them to tell their friends that they have seen him, or that he has "seen them, either way, it makes no difference."

A tramp feasts spontaneously until he served up a Park free lunch, and makes his exit a few inches in front of the bouncer's boot, but he does not fall when at a safe distance to jeeringly cry: "Just tell 'em that you saw me."

When an East Side ball breaks up the line is the ruling farewell expression, and it goes like the gag of the hour and one that is likely to wear a while.

BIBI'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Some Remarkable Discoveries of Ancient Writings That Have Been Made During Recent Years.

The oldest manuscripts of the Bible are not those of the Old Testament, but of the New. The earliest New Testament text dates from the fourth century, whereas those of the Old Testament are not older than the ninth century.

Thus the oldest extant manuscripts of the Hebrew Old Testament are 500 years later than the earliest manuscripts of the Greek New Testament. One eminent modern writer declares that all the existing Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament descend from a single copy made in the reign of Hadrian (A. D. 102-117), at the time of the great persecution of the Jews by that Emperor.

Some memorials of the greatest value, completely revolutionizing all previous knowledge of the conditions under which written documents were prepared in remote ages, have been discovered within the last decade or so by the merest accident. Of such nature was the discovery of the Zetel-Armana tablets, nine years ago.

These were found by an Egyptian woman in 1887 among the ruins of an ancient temple, between Memphis and Thebes. They are of clay, and contain the engraved correspondence in the Babylonian tongue the language of diplomats of that age) between King Amenophis IV. of Egypt and his vassal princes in Palestine. The tablets belong to the age of the Book of Joshua, and in part relate to the events recorded therein. It is quite probable that the original editions of the earliest books of the Old Testament were written on clay tablets similar to these.

The history of the text of the New Testament has been a romantic incident well as that of the Old. The story of Tischendorf's discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus, is one of these. Fifty-one years ago, in the course of his travels in the East, Tischendorf put up for the night in the monastery of St. Catherine, at Mount Sinai.

While taking a look through the library, he noticed a waste paper basket containing leaves of the most ancient Greek writing he had ever seen. They were part of the now priceless Greek Bible. This Bible is, unfortunately, not perfect, because many of its leaves, before Tischendorf discovered the whole of the unconserved portions of this important document, which frequently contains the New Testament intact. As soon as the monks found out that it was valuable they raised such a disturbance that the Czar of Russia had to interfere before the precious document could be secured. It is now in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.

An earlier Syriac manuscript was discovered in the monastery by two women travelers a couple of years ago.

A Queer Fish With Whiskers.

New and Odd Arrivals on View at the Battery Aquarium.

THE VERY DESTRUCTIVE TEREDO.

There are some new arrivals of an odd kind in the New York Aquarium at the Battery. The most interesting of these is the sea raven, which is found along the western coast of America.

In the little tank set apart for them there are several of these extraordinary looking fish. The sea raven looks as if a fisherman had started to cut it up, and when he got half through thought better of it and threw the fish back into the sea. It is a clumsy fish and moves about slowly, generally near the bottom.

The sea raven feeds upon other fish and small crustaceans and can swallow a fish almost as big as itself. They grow to a



The Big-Mouthed Sea Raven.

good size, but those in the aquarium are small. The sea raven is better adapted for concealment than any other fish. So slight are its swimming powers that it can only hope to capture its prey unawares. The whole upper surface of the skin is mottled and tinted so exactly like stones and gravel that you can hardly distinguish the fish when it is lying on the bottom.

In addition to the protection afforded by its color the whole margin of the fish, even the edges of the jaws and lips have loose scales that can be raised and lowered at will, so that the fish can look exactly



The Whiskered Sculpin.

like the smaller algae and seaweed in which they hide. The central fins—the little ones of the back and the dorsal—are shredded off with a knife—so shaped as to resemble two claw shells, and the eyes are colored by radiating lines so that it looks like a lamp.

Another newcomer is the sculpin, which is a dashing looking fish of brilliant color and shining armor. It has enormous fins, strengthened by sharp spines, and can swim at great speed. When it begins to swim the huge pectoral fins are so disproportionate to the size of its body that it is as though a little child should go sailing down Broadway with a large open umbrella in either hand. As a rule brilliantly colored fish are not good eaters, but the sculpin is considered very palatable and is eaten almost anywhere and at all seasons in the harbors of our Eastern coast.

The last exhibit is a piece of wood placed in position looks like a decayed piece of wood with a few minute holes in it. This is a piece of wood plied attacked by the



The Comical Toad Fish.

destructive Terebrant. The little worms are found comfortably under the wood and are boring deeper and deeper. Great destruction is caused all over the world by ships, piling, wharves, and, in fact, anything made of wood so long as it is immersed in salt water. The terebrant, or ship worm, has the distinction of being the most destructive worm in the world. It has caused more damage than any other worm, fish or animal in existence.

The terebrant does not eat the wood, but



This Worm Eats Through Knotholes.

merely burrows for its own protection. When it has excavated a passage it lines the hole with a tube of shelly material. Terebrants will go through the hardest knots of any kind. Passages are often found ten inches long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter. They will never cross the tubes of their companions or interfere with each other in any way.

Death Is on All Sides.

New York People Are in Danger Every Moment of Their Lives.

HAND AND GLOVE WITH PERIL.

The life of the average resident of New York is menaced in more strange and curious ways than that of probably any other citizen of the world. All his habits and occupations, even those which are apparently the safest, are attended by the risk of death.

A humorist has said that man's bed is the most dangerous place in the world, for more people die in it than in any other. In New York the most healthy man may meet with sudden death while apparently safe in bed. Dangers await him if he walks along the street or sits in the church, or theatre, or whatever else he does in the ordinary course of his daily life. Taking the records of the city as a whole, it is surprising to find that there is a percentage of mortality for almost every conceivable form of human activity.

The close examination of the records in the Bureau of Vital Statistics reveals an astonishing variety of deaths occurring in times and at places where one would least expect them. A Journal reporter found that more accidental deaths had occurred during the last twelve months in connection with elevator shafts than in any other manner. Twenty-three persons went to their death in this manner during the year, and yet the millions who use elevators in New York will continue to use them. So far only one man can be found who has taken warning, and he is currently believed to walk to the twentieth story of a skyscraper every day.

Careful persons will do well to remember that no remains above or below an elevator car in motion is a particularly dangerous thing. One man lost his head and completely last year by placing it outside the car door. Another man displayed a fatal curiosity to examine the appliances under the car, and was struck on the head by one of the descending weights. Five men have been killed by falling cars while working underneath. Had the ropes been of the proper strength they would have been pursuing a by no means dangerous calling to this day.

Out of the three persons who were killed by a falling wall, two were simply passers-by who happened to be near the wall when it collapsed. Still more strange is the fate of another individual who was watching the loading of heavy castings on a truck. One of the men, unable to manage his side of the casting, let it fall, crushing the unfortunate spectator. Only one person was



The Whiskered Sculpin.

pushed off the roof of an apartment house last year, but two were pushed through skylights. And a hotel guest while trying to escape from fire, met his fate by a fall to the sidewalk.

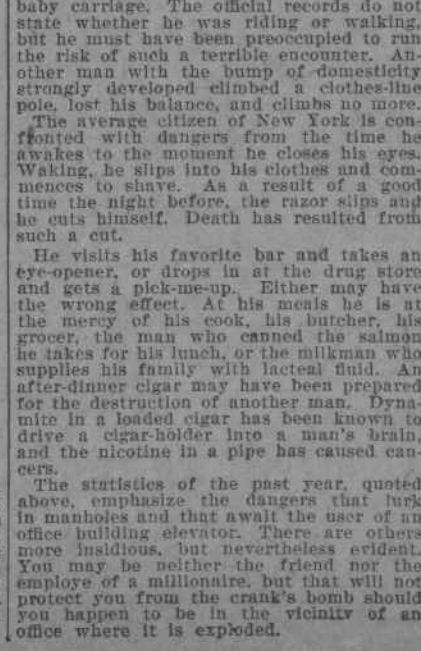
It is very evident that a man takes his life in his hands when he visits the office buildings and hotels of the city, and yet it would seem to be even more dangerous to remain upon the streets. Elevator shafts, however, are the most dangerous responsible last year for the deaths of fourteen men, hatchways disposed of four hapless citizens, and a manhole of one.

The insurance companies are adding to the premiums of bicycle riders, and yet but one death was distinctly traceable to accidents in the prevalent sport last year in New York city. The curious may sharpen their pencils and note the remarkable coincidence of the figures. Statistics ascribes the death of a man last year to injuries received in collision with a baby carriage. The official records do not state whether he was riding or walking, but he must have been preoccupied to run the risk of such a terrible encounter. Another man was killed by a bump of domesticity, the pole, lost his balance, and climbs no more.

The average citizen of New York takes his life in his hands from the time he awakes to the moment he closes his eyes. Walking, he slips into his clothes and commences to shiver. As a result, he is in the time the night before, the razor slips and he cuts himself. Death has resulted from such a cut.

He visits his favorite bar and takes an eye-opener, or drops in at the drug store and gets a pick-me-up. Either may have the wrong effect. At his meals he is at the mercy of his cook, his butcher, his grocer, the man who canned the salmon he takes for his lunch, or the milkman who supplies his family with lactated fluid. An after-dinner cigar may have been prepared for the destruction of another man. Dynamite in a loaded cigar has been known to drive a cigar-holder into a man's brain, and the nicotine in a pipe has caused cancer.

The statistics of the past year, quoted above, emphasize the dangers that lurk in manholes and that await the use of an office building elevator. There are others more insidious, but nevertheless evident. You may be neither the friend nor the enemy of a millionaire, but that will not protect you from the crank's bomb should you happen to be in the vicinity of an office where it is exploded.



The Whiskered Sculpin.

The Mystery of a Drink.

Sometimes It's an Opera Glass or Maybe It Is a Cane.

IT HELPS THE LADIES OUT.

One of the mysteries of New York is the mystery of a drink. There have been many attempts to banish it—that is, the mystery—but without success.

The vigorous crusade now being waged by Mr. Roosevelt, the Health Board, Commodore Gerry and the allied forces of the temperance parties in New York against the pernicious brandy drop, sometimes known as a "wink," has aroused public interest in the question of extraordinary ways in which alcohol may be obtained in the city.

It is no exaggeration to state that almost every man in the city has a bottle of alcohol in some form or other enters into the composition of half the tasty dishes served at the tables of wealthy persons and prepared by the skilled chefs of famous hotels. Sometimes it can be detected, but often the taste and odor are so skillfully concealed that the most ardent prohibitionist, with sensory organs developed to the highest pitch, is unable to detect its presence. At the same time, if he partakes, as he sometimes does, of the rich sauces and toothsome petit choux, he is liable to feel that exaltation of mind and satisfaction of body that follows mild intoxication in alcoholic liquors.

"I use annually," said the chef of one of the most famous restaurants in New York in a Journal reporter, "more liquor, and probably that of a more finer quality, than is sold over the bar of many a four-story saloon. Port, sherry, white wines and, of course, brandy, form the principal part of the wine cellar to which I and my assistants have access. It is frequently said that cooks use a poor quality of spirit for flavoring their dishes, but I can assure you that in preparing for persons who understand what good eating is, we can use nothing but the best of materials."

So far the enthusiasts in temperance, who have assailed even the communion cup, have not attempted to attack the kitchen directly. They have contented themselves with inveighing in general terms against the use of alcohol in the preparation of food. When the brandy-drop war is over and the fate of the Raffles bill has been decided, something may be expected to drop in the direction of the kitchen. The new war will be a hot one.

The careful observer at any public gathering—in a theatre, at church, or in a club—will have little difficulty in noting some of the curious devices now in vogue for carrying liquid refreshments. There was a time when the travelling men, and sometimes the ladies, carried their wine and spirits in the pockets of their coats. The careful observer at any public gathering—in a theatre, at church, or in a club—will have little difficulty in noting some of the curious devices now in vogue for carrying liquid refreshments. There was a time when the travelling men, and sometimes the ladies, carried their wine and spirits in the pockets of their coats. The careful observer at any public gathering—in a theatre, at church, or in a club—will have little difficulty in noting some of the curious devices now in vogue for carrying liquid refreshments. There was a time when the travelling men, and sometimes the ladies, carried their wine and spirits in the pockets of their coats.

Every theatre-goer knows the little opera-glasses mounted upon long handles which are so popular with the ladies in the boxes. Some manufacturers of jewelers' supplies could tell a story about these opera glasses.

"Have you seen," said a man who understands the business, "the fair occupants of some of the best seats at the opera tapping their lips with the end of the handle of their opera-glasses, while the part that is supposed to contain the magnifying apparatus rests in their hand? You imagine that they are thoughtfully contemplating the beauties of the stage or drinking in the melodies of Gaius's carrolous notes. They may be doing all that, but at the same time they are securing a little refreshment of a more material character."



The Queerest Railroad Accident That Ever Happened.

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Part Man and Part Dog.

A Brooklynite Borrows Skin from a Hairless Mexican Canine.

HE SAVES HIS LIFE THEREBY.

There is a man in New York who has the curious distinction of being about ninety-eight parts man and two parts dog. This canine portion of the man's nature is an acquired characteristic. The curious combination was made recently by a Brooklyn physician, who was obliged to use sections of the cuticle of a hairless Japanese dog to replace the man's skin in curing a dangerous wound.

This patient was a young man, employed in a Brooklyn iron foundry, who some months ago was seriously burned on the left arm while at his work. From the wrist up to the elbow scarcely a particle of skin was left, and the hospital surgeons gave up the case in despair.

A physician, under whose notice the case came accidentally while attending the man for some interior ailment, had his attention called to the trouble and was asked if he could do anything for it, and skin-grafting was suggested.

The first experiment was made with a bullfrog's skin. After the good of another was killed, small pieces of skin were cut off about the size of an ordinary pig's head. The raw surface was then cut with a scalpel, so as to cause a slight effusion of blood, and the morsels of frog skin were placed on the raw surface, a tight bandage being placed over the whole limb and allowed to remain for several days. But the experiment did not succeed.

The physician then determined to try whether the skin of a Chinese would have more affinity for the human body than frog-skin. But in this instance, too, there was an unsatisfactory result.

At length, after consultation with several other professional men, it was determined to use grafts of human skin. Then came the question: "Whence can these contributions be obtained?" Few people are willing to sacrifice any part of their anatomy for the good of another. It is not pleasant to stand up in cold blood and have pieces of cuticle cut from one's body. The result was that all the young man's friends politely declined to serve him in this direction.

As the physician was giving up the case in despair a happy idea struck him. He happened to see a hairless Japanese dog, and an inspiration resulted. He had tried frog skin, chicken skin and even human skin, and all had failed. How about dog skin?

The next question was, "How to get the dog?" The doctor was fertile in expedients, and the next day he seated himself on his veranda at the time the dog usually took his daily airing. Tempted by an appetizing piece of chicken, the unwary canine fell into the clutches of the wily doctor. To snatch up his struggling prey and rush into the house was but the work of a minute. In a short time the unfortunate dog was under the influence of ether and a large number of minute pieces of skin were removed and placed in solution of bichloride of mercury. The wounds were neatly dressed and the doctor kept the dog close until he was entirely recovered, when he was turned loose and made his way home.

As the physician removed the pieces of cuticle removed from the dog were grafted on the patient's arm, and much to the gratification of the medical man, the experiment was successful. At first the new skin retained its original color, contributing to the canine likeness. Now, however, after a lapse of several months, with the exception of the scars, it is impossible to



The